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## The Colorado Catholic

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SATURDAY - December 16, 1899.

## A CARD FROM BISHOP SCANLAN.

I feel it my duty to protect Catholics and the public generally from fraud and imposition by notifying them from time to time that no person bearing the name and garb of a priest or sister or any one else is authorized or permitted to solicit or collect in this diocese for any purpose whatever connected with the Catholic church without having from me permission in writing bearing my seal and signature. Should any one be found engaged in doing this unlawful work of collecting without such a document, he or she, as the case may be, should be regarded by all as a fraud and an impostor.

L. SCANLAN.

Bishop of Salt Lake.

Nov. 20, 1899.

## BISHOP SCANLAN'S WARNING.

The Intermountain Catholic publishes a letter from Right Reverend Bishop Scanlan, of the Diocese of Salt Lake City, which should be heeded by the Catholics of the diocese, and will be of interest both to priests and people outside of the Diocese of Salt Lake City.

Bishop Scanlan calls attention to what is undoubtedly an abuse, viz., the collection of money for alleged religious purposes without the consent of the Bishop of the diocese. Not only should those who ask the faithful for contributions obtain the permission, in writing, from the Bishop of the diocese, but courtesy requires that the same expressed permission be obtained from the pastor of the parish in which collections are made.

If Catholic people are careful to see that the conditions laid down in Bishop Scanlan's letter are fulfilled, the religious tramps and frauds that are flooding the country will soon find that their occupation is profitless. That there are such tramps and frauds is, unfortunately, too true, and there is not a parish in the intermountain country which these impostors have failed to visit. As we have pointed out before, any cloak will do to serve the devil. The religious one is soft and sleek. No one cares to raise its folds to see what it covers. There is, therefore, none more successful.

Now it is a Brother out on an errand of mercy. His bowels of compassion are moved for the poor orphan; or he sells a penny picture for a dollar; or he gathers money for picture frames to be supplied by his accomplice, who falls to come for the pictures. He moves quickly from place to place.

Then it is a sham priest who trades on the credulity of his dupes. Their pity is excited by his troubles and miseries. His tale of personal distress is heartrending. They do not know that deserving priests are not sent adrift to beg the cold charity of strangers. Sometimes he is a real priest, but is collecting without the permission of the Bishop of the diocese, and has failed to give courtesy to the local pastor, whom he ignores. It matters not how worthy the object may be, a priest who collects funds for religious purposes, without first having obtained the requisite permission, stands ex quo with the fraud of the impostor.

Now it is a wanderer from the far east, in strange garb, unable to speak the language of the country, but whose interpreter has a doleful story to relate of persecutions and poverty. This last character is well supplied with documents and recommendations, indeed, so richly is he furnished with these that they verify a abundance of money and deter the doubting examiner. Means of verifying the papers or detecting the forgeries are not within the reach of all. As bad as the worst is the impostor who robs the living and the dead. He requests intentions for masses which he cannot offer up, and thus, taking the money of the living, he holds back from the dead the sufferings of their friends. These agents of the devil find nothing too sacred. They trade on the simple faith of the people and abuse a confidence legation of pity and love for religion.

Next comes the scheming female beggar, robed in the modest dress of the nun. All suspicion is cast aside as the gentle mendicant, in pious phrase, appeals to your purse through the tender love you bear these angels of mercy, whose lives are devoted to the care of the helpless and the afflicted. Who can refuse the good Sister? You feel you would be a brute to turn her away; and so, much or little, you give her something for sweet charity's sake. You even ask her prayers, feeling that the prayers of sweet angels must reach to Heaven. Alas, your patience gives away when it comes to your knowledge that your sympathy, along with your money, is swindled.

Is there no protection against these tramps who rove around in the liveries of Heaven? Yes, to be sure there is,

and Bishop Scanlan has pointed it out through the columns of The Intermountain Catholic. It is a general rule, holding good in most dioceses in the United States, that the collector for the aims of the faithful shall obtain the approval in writing of the Bishop of the diocese. This Episcopal sanction protects the true and deserving and drives off impostors. The pastor of the parish, the judge of the Bishop's seal and signature. He also decides whether or not a collection among his parishioners may be allowed in justice to the peculiar needs of his own parish. A Bishop's approval of an appeal for charitable work out of his own diocese is ordinarily granted, subject to the consent of the pastors. Were the charitable, therefore, to exact these two conditions before giving their money, that is, the Bishop's approval and the pastor's consent, they would be effectually shielded from imposition.

Bishop Scanlan's letter is very timely.

## ETERNAL PUNISHMENT.

The spirit in which this awful subject is discussed by the general press, is, we fear, a mark of the absence in modern character of that reverential fear, which is the beginning of wisdom.

Hell, under whatever aspect we view it, whether as a certain or uncertain condition of future existence, whether as temporary or everlasting in duration, whether accompanied or not with positive torments, is no subject for demon or senseless levity. The very mystery that veils the dread expanse into which the soul must plunge bereaved and palpitating, after a violent and agonized throes, ought to inspire us with a feeling of suppliant horror.

The brazen front that dares contemplate this impending woe with jocose indifference is the forehead of a fool. The bloodless heart that shudders not at the overshadowing of its bare possibility is the heart of an infidel.

We approach the subject with dread, and only because flippant impiety demands this of us. The doctrine of eternal punishment for the reprobate is conservative of every human interest, and of every human hope for here or hereafter. To treat it with that familiarity that savors of contempt, though unworthy of sense or humanity, is a subtle and successful method of insinuating this dangerous innovation into modern thought.

The gates of hell—that is the positive aggression of hell's power—are not so fatal to the redeemed soul, as the removal from its convictions of the solemn dread of futurity. Where those gates may not prevail, the artifice may easily prevail that masks them from our view, or shrouds them in uncertainty, or covers them with flowers stolen from the Eden of God's mercy. Herein the Prince of Darkness is cast out in Beelzebub, but this casting of him out from human apprehension is for his own good, a triumph and a gain.

The outbreak of rabid denunciation of God's Justice that characterizes Protestant preaching on this subject is the final goal of their godless system can reach. Perilous cum Sonitu (they have perished with a clamor), will be the epitaph the future shall describe over the tomb where their last vital spark of Christian belief lies quenched forever. Rebelling in the beginning from all authoritative restriction of the divine mind, this faction has found itself constantly face to face with difficulties both of reason and revelation that it could neither surmount nor avoid. The Sacred Scriptures it boasted as its charter of reconstruction, became for it a stumbling block and a snare.

Reason, which it pointed to as the foundation stone of its shapeless edifice upheaved against it and brought the fabric block by block about its ears. Some forms remained to the scattered fragments to show where they once fitted and how they were, for a time, sustained, but the wear and tear of elements, social and mental, divested these of all modelling, and now the miserable ruin lies a mass of incoherent rubbish.

There is no longer among the sects even a pretense of knowing, or trying to know, what God has taught. Modern Protestant congregations (and they are a law to themselves and to their preacher) will not hear what reason teaches. A morbid tenderness, bred of nerve and ganglion, not of brave humanity or Christian compassion; a morbid sentimentalism, growing out of complacency; these form their rule of ethical maxims and religious creed.

To accept the doctrine of hell, man needs a nobler and vaster physical energy than is consistent with such spiritual enervation. To accept the doctrine of averting loss and everlasting pain, man must approach God and comprehend him. That is, he must find his joy in the Creator, and not in the creature, be detached from sense and the things of sense. But to recoil from the idea of just retribution, to wave aside God's just and terrible vengeance is more pleasant than this dull process of self-denial.

We are quite aware that this is a mere fitting subject for the pulpit or the spiritual conference than for a newspaper article, but when such a subject is bandied from sheet to sheet of the secular press with every nonchalance, a Catholic paper has the right at least, if not the duty, to treat it with becoming seriousness. And have we not heard the insidious echo of this baneful conspiracy against truth in the half-attested sentiment from Catholic lips that this new doctrine was pleasant to the view, and good to the taste like the evil fruit that brought ruin on the world? It is not quite so innocent a thing as one might imagine, to say, "I wish I could believe there was no hell."

There is a law here, a desire, a triumph of falsehood over truth, and of sin over God's justice, and if more than indicates a latent talent for bursting the bonds of law and conscience and subjecting the spiritual to the animal nature. There are motives sufficient to oblige us to view this subject with Christian awe, and Catholic subordination to truth.

The doctrine of hell for the true Catholic is the sanction of his faith, and the witness of his and the Church's sufferings and patient submission. If there be no eternal punishment, there can be no eternal justice; if there be no eternal justice, there is no God. God—Sin—Hell—these are three necessarily dependent ideas. Given any two of them, the third is prepotent. If there be God and hell, there must be sin; if there be sin and hell, there must

be God; if there be sin and God, there must be hell; if there be sin and no hell, there is no God. This doctrine is woven into the fabric of man's moral convictions. It is preached in every disorder that has ever afflicted creation. It is proclaimed with all the dread array of place and time and circumstance, and pictured with every diabolical accessory of awe by the Divine Teacher Himself. It remains to the yet uncreated portion of the world, the source of truthful and saving fear, without which higher motives of good have been proved powerless to sustain passion and lead us to our end.

Hell is a consoling doctrine, because truth is consoling; because justice is consoling. It is the truth that is vindicated in the everlasting separation of the unrepentant sinner from the source of all truth. It is justice that it meted out at last, when the traitor to God and his fellow-man, carrying with him his unrepentant reason into a world where expiation is impossible, bringing with him into eternity an evil that never can be changed, plunges into a state of irredeemable loss, that is, of irredeemable woe, for hell is the loss of God. Add to that what torments imagination may conceive, and there is no increase to the unspeakable affliction.

## THE PROPOSED TRIPLE ALLIANCE.

The recent talk of a triple alliance between the United States, England and Germany is all fudge and nonsense. Moreover, we have no right to interfere in the affairs of any foreign nation, and if we had, our favor should certainly be shown to France, from whom we received English. Such a state of friendship, however, our Monroe doctrine, a great and wise one, prevents our assuming the partnership of France or any other nation. "Dreilbund" is the carefully selected name which England so wisely applies to the proposed alliance, which signifies a combination of three parties in one. The plain English word alliance is quite clear enough and we will let it rest at that.

We have just as much business to attend to at present as we can competently handle, and England and Germany had best seek elsewhere for the necessary third party of the "Dreilbund."

At present we have practically an entire system of English finance—a gold standard—and our statesmen seem to be desirous of making everything English. Such a state of affairs, however, will hardly occur.

The next Presidential election will see us returning to the old Jeffersonian government principles. The great business which claims our immediate attention at home is the matter of finance and tariff. Tariff forms the greatest weapon of the trusts, and if removed, will prove their weakness and destruction.

Let us beware of triple alliances and national expansion, and attend to matters at home directly, not accepting blindness from bosses, bankers or political tricksters. "Charity begins at home," but if we should feel an overflow of neighborly kindness, France should receive our earliest attention.

## POPE LEO'S BIRTHPLACE.

The past summer in Pope being unusually cool, called forth the remark from Pope Leo. "This reminds me of my native mountain air, which I have not breathed for forty-two years, and what is more, never shall again. Some-times," he continued, "in the garden here, I get a whiff from the breeze which carries me in moment back to Carpineto." The Pontiff, indeed, is quite justified in his loving regret for his birthplace, which is situated five miles distant from the railway, on a peak of the Lepini Mountains, and is surrounded by high peaks, often snow-capped, making it a most picturesque spot, says a Rome correspondent of the London Telegraph. The village, of about 5,000 inhabitants, chiefly shepherds, who, although wretchedly poor, are strong and sturdy, and exceedingly proud of "our family."

In fact, the Pecci Palace is the only building of any pretensions in the village, situated as it is on the highest ground overlooking the valleys and hills. The interior is severe but comfortable, large halls opening one out of the other, hung with tapestry and family portraits, and furnished with antique furniture. One little room, looking out over the valleys, is called "Camera di Monsignore" (Monsignor's room), which the Pope occupied on his last visit, in 1875, when plain Mr. Pecci, and it reflects the simple tastes which he still retains so conspicuously. There is a small iron bed, hung and covered with white, a writing desk in the window, a large wardrobe in oak, and some chairs and sculptural engravings. The other parts of the palace are, perhaps, more rich, with many family portraits; one of mediocre merit, but a good likeness, of Leo as a young man, one of his brother, Cardinal Pecci, who died at the age of 83, in 1880, painted from memory, as the late Cardinal always refused to sit for even a photograph.

The Pecci Palace, outside, is surrounded with pleasant slopes, rich in olives and grapes, and magnificent chestnut groves, while many horned-bearns (carpi) are seen, which give the village its name. One fine chestnut is still preserved with care in the garden, as it was here that the future head of the Church used to sit and con his Latin, or more often, he and dream of the future, the brilliance of which he could not then, of course, imagine.

## FIGURES THAT TELL.

At the beginning of the century, before the founding of the Society of the Propagation of the Faith, the Propaganda numbered scarcely 5,000,000 Catholics, under its jurisdiction. For the present century the number has risen to about 25,000,000. Generations of missionaries have spent their lives in bringing about this happy result. The "Propagation of the Faith" has collected and distributed towards that end no less than \$53,569,367.29, during the course of seventy years (1822-1891). The receipts of the Society, last year, were \$1,238,311.49. Of this sum the Catholics in the United States contributed \$33,612.00.

## A CHRISTIAN LEGEND.

I wonder could I dare to trace  
A legend lately told to me,  
But when the time, or where the place,  
Remains in dim obscurity.

'Twas near the merry Christmas time,  
Three smiling boys their father sued  
To grant them, ere the midnight chimes,  
The gifts would suit their various mood.

'A hobby-horse with trappings light,  
One asked, "with flowing mane and tail,"  
'With bread and eyes so fierce and bright,  
'Twould make the very gazer quail."

'A noisy drum, another claimed;  
'Twould set the very house astir,  
Delight the comrades would be named,  
And make them all so happy, sir."

The fair-haired child of genius, sought  
A violin of sweetest sound,  
Whose minstrelsy, by Heaven taught,  
Might thrill the hearts of all around.

'Children," the pale mechanic said,  
Sad gazing on his eager boys,  
'By toil I scarce can earn my bread,  
How then obtain such costly toys?"

'Father, you oft have told us how  
Jesus came down on Christmas night  
To bring great gifts, and surely now  
We will trust His love and might."

'Father, the infant Jesus, He  
Can give us all we want or ask;  
And as he loves us, it will be  
For Him a very easy task."

Dear father, you can write so well,  
Just write for us a little line,  
And all we want, O pray to send,  
To us, we know He will incline.

Tell Him how good we'll strive to grow,  
And learn our lessons every day,  
And seek our duty still to know,  
And never, never, cease to pray."

The father, glad their wish to grant,  
As he had little to bestow,  
Wrote that for which their hearts did beat,  
And cheerfully he bade them go.

But oh, what joy, what hope, what bliss,  
Sparkled in every raptured eye;  
In humble faith obtaining this,  
They felt their happiness was nigh.

But how to post it posed each head,  
The wind was blowing fresh and high;  
'The wind will take it up," they said,  
'So we will let the letter fly."

They opened the window, kneeling down  
They gave it to the winds in trust,  
Away it flew, as thistle down,  
O'er joyed, they scarce could wait its trust.

And wondering, read it o'er and o'er,  
Its high address; the way it came;  
Its earnest faith; she pondered more,  
And pondered more.

The gentle maiden marveling still,  
Thanked her dear Savior in her heart,  
That he had chosen her to fill  
For Him on earth, so sweet a part.

The note informed her where they dwelt,  
Cautioned that no mistakes might come,  
And she rejoiced with joy heart-felt,  
To make at least one happy home.

'Twas Christmas eve, to church they went,  
Assured before the midnight chimes,  
The things they asked for would be sent,  
Then off, what happy, joyful times!

The parents' tender hearts were sad,  
To think the blight their hopes must know,  
Why should not man be ever glad,  
Or why believe his God so slow?

Returning home, they see a light  
From every window shining gleam;  
The children shouted with delight,  
The house on fire, the children deem.

They opened the door, a cheerful host  
Warmly said, the house had lighted been;  
And on the table such rich treat,  
As ne'er before their eyes had seen.

And on a shining Christmas tree,  
With clustered berries, bright and red;  
A drum and viol might you see,  
And horse, with military tread.

And many comforts round were hung  
For children, home and parents dear;  
Surprise and wonder claimed their tongue,  
Whose joy drew forth the sudden tear.

But oh, the joyful sparkling eyes;  
But oh, the full overflowing hearts,  
Where the soul that would not prize  
The joy such generous act imparts!

Where all had come, they did not ask;  
Where Jesus sent them, and they knew,  
Ever for Him as easy task,  
To keep His promise firm and true.

Then thank they reverently kneel,  
To thank their kind, indulgent Lord,  
Who all man's errors quick do feel,  
And ever keeps His promised word.

Who ask in faith shall still receive,  
Good measure, heaped and flowing;  
But let not doubt your soul deceive,  
Trust God; ah, trust Him ever more.

Needless to tell their happiness,  
With that humble, little, true,  
Where want had been, we well may guess  
The joy that makes it all forgot.

## DE COSTA JOINS ROME.

(From the Desert Evening News, the Organ of the Latter-day Saints.)  
It is now announced that Rev. Benjamin F. De Costa has identified himself with the Catholic Church. Some time ago he created a sensation by leaving the Episcopal church because Dr. Briggs, the Episcopos "higher critic," was given fellowship there.

Dr. Costa, in explaining his change of faith, says he has no apology to offer. "Standing in the midst of modern religious systems tottering to their fall like columns in the temple of Karnak, no defense need be offered for accepting a firm and unshaken Catholic faith." He declares that the Catholic Church stands before the English-speaking people and Protestants everywhere as the unique and solitary defender of the Bible in its integrity and entirety. He adds:

"The Church never changed her method of dealing with science. In this, city a scholar should not allow his mind to become befogged. The issue is not simply one of science or simple interpretation. Primarily, it is the mystery of the incarnation that criticism puts on trial. The case is dogmatic. It means a revision of the Bible. This Holy Catholic Church will never abdicate."

One would think the doctrine of papal infallibility would be highly objectionable to one accustomed to the Protestant way of thinking, but the reverend doctor meets this point as follows:

"It is time for candid non-Catholics to learn that the notion that it (infallibility) interferes with individual liberty is as true as that a mariner's compass renders the sailor an abject slave." It is no great wonder that thoughtful Protestants seek refuge in the outstretched arms of Rome. It is true enough that in Austria, where religious life is not especially verdant, no less than 5,000 conversions from Catholicism to Protestantism are reported recently; but in Great Britain, which for centuries has been noted for religious activity, there is a steadily increasing current toward Rome. In fact, some of the most prominent English clergymen have espoused the cause of papacy, and the life-work of Manning, Newman and others has not failed to bear fruit.

There are numerous causes for the Romeward movement. But one of the most conspicuous is the Protestant denial of a viable church. They have all abandoned the Scripture idea of "one body," as well as the position of the early fathers who knew of no church except an association of "elect," or "faithful Saints." They have set up a theory about a mystical, invisible body as the only true church. "On this theory," Dr. Costa well remarks, "Christianity has failed; the empire that triumphed over the Roman empire has perished. Reformed religionism, therefore, offers no moral or intellectual outlook for coming generations, and leaves the world forced at last to choose between rationalism and the Catholic Church."

This, we believe, is the secret conviction of a great many Protestant theological scholars, and if they were free to follow their own convictions, they would abandon their pulpits. But what can they do? With their locks shorn in the lap of Delilah and their feet tied with a salary, no wonder if the mighty Samsons are found grinding grain in the home of the Philistines!

The movement toward Rome, however, is one of the signs of the times. That, we will hardly deny the day when, according to the Divine word, "Zion shall flourish, and the glory of the Lord shall be upon her, and she shall be an ensign unto the people, and there shall come unto her out of every nation under heaven."

## CARDINAL GIBBONS AT THE DEWEY PARADE.

The grouping of President McKinley, Admiral Dewey and Cardinal Gibbons, the three highest dignitaries of the state, the Catholic Church and the navy of the United States, on the stand at the capitol during the Dewey parade, made a historical, picturesque and significant scene. The Cardinal was in his ecclesiastical robes of vivid red. The Admiral was resplendent in gold and blue, and the President wore his "customary suit of sober black," the monotony of which was relieved by a single pink, pinned in a buttonhole by the lady of the White House.

After his benediction, the Cardinal turned to Admiral Dewey, who extended his hand and said: "Admiral, I cannot let this opportunity pass without congratulating you on your magnificent victory, which has added renown to the name of our country throughout the world. I hope you will live many years to enjoy your honors, the fruits of your splendid achievement. Permit me to thank you for your kindness to the Chaplain of the Olympia, Father Reany, who is a priest of my diocese. I hope that the benediction of 7,000,000 people will make your remaining years exceedingly happy. I rejoice to be present on this eventful occasion."

Admiral Dewey responded: "I thank you sincerely, your Eminence, for your gracious and complimentary words. I appreciate the honor of having you present on this, the happiest occasion of my life."

## THE DUTIES OF LIFE.

Every life has its purpose and consequent duties. That this is not always made manifest in its course, only argues the blindness and recondancy of the one who is content to exist and not live in the best sense of the term. Not a plant that springs from the bosom of the earth but fulfills some part in the design of creation, and since the rule applies to the most insignificant items in the divine plan, what reason or excuse can man have to evade the universal responsibility?

To merely exist is not to live; it is to caricature and belittle the very name of living. To live is to be an active force in the world's destiny, and whether one be a great or an humble factor in what his time accomplishes, a factor he must be to fulfill the purpose of his being. The life of the world is not a mere existence, but a life of action. All, indeed, are not endowed with equal faculties; all cannot be flaming lights of honor upon the world's highway, but all can, within the limitations the Creator has imposed, contribute to its illumining. The fallow did performs its allotted part as fully as does the lightning; either one could not be substituted for the other, and if the headland beacon attracts more attention than does the feeble taper, it but fulfills its mission, which the other does equally well.

All cannot be beacons, all need not be humble tapers, but whether fitted for one service or the other, there is a part to be performed by each life, and the fact of real living or merely daily-ing out an existence is determined by the performance. He only truly lives whose life means something accomplished and something in process of accomplishment. The life of the humblest blade of grass growing in the hillside is nobler, in comparison, than the man who passes his time to no purpose.—The Tablet, Baltimore, Dec. 2.

## PROTESTANT OBJECTIONS TO CATHOLIC DOCTRINES.

La B. Why do Catholics confess their sins to a priest?  
Ed. Because it is the only way in which sins committed after baptism can be remitted.

La B. Why do you say the "only way?"  
Ed. Because Christ said to his apostles, and through them to the ministers of his church, "Whosoever ye shall bind on earth shall be bound in Heaven, and whatsoever ye shall loose on earth shall be loosed in Heaven." (Matt. xviii, 18.)

Again, Christ thus addressed His disciples: "As the Father hath sent Me, I also send you." Receive ye the Holy Ghost; whose sins ye shall forgive, they are forgiven them, and whose sins ye shall retain, they are retained. (John xx, 21.)

Now, from these texts it follows that, after this commission to remit or retain sins had been given to the ministers of the church, sins could not be forgiven except through their ministry. They had not only the power to remit sins, but also the power to retain sins—that is, to refuse to remit, and Christ assured them that what they refused to remit would not be remitted in Heaven.

In the above commission God binds Himself to ratify the action of His ministers acting in His name. He could have appointed other methods by which the sinner could be reconciled to Him, but He has willed to appoint the method indicated in the above commission. It is not for sinners to impeach His wisdom or goodness. They should be grateful that He left any method. They should bow with profound submission to His will, and make use of the means He has left us whereby we may be reconciled to Him.

La B. But how does this prove the necessity of confession?

Ed. The power of remitting or retaining requires him who possesses it to pass a judgment. To pass a judgment the judge must know the subject matter on which the judgment is to be passed. This subject matter is the sins of the sinner. He cannot know these sins unless the sinner confesses them. Hence the necessity of confession.

La B. Is there any evidence in the Scriptures for confession?

Ed. Certainly. Both in the Old and New Testaments. It is expressly commanded by God in the following words: "And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, speak unto the children of Israel, when a man or a woman shall commit any sin that man commits, to do a trespass against the Lord, and that person be guilty; then they shall confess their sin which they have done." (Numbers v, 6-7.)

"And David said unto Nathan, I have sinned against the Lord. And Nathan said unto David, the Lord also hath put away thy sin." (II Samuel, 12-13.) Here David confessed to Nathan according to the precept of Moses, and God forgave him.

"Be not ashamed to confess thy sins, but submit thyself to every man for the Lord's sake." (Ephesians vi, 1.) La B. But Ecclesiastes is an apocryphal book. It is not inspired Scripture and not to be found in the Protestant Bible.

Ed. True, it is not in the Protestant Bible, and that constitutes one of the great defects of the Protestant Bible. All the Christians in the world, except the Protestants, recognize this book as a part of the Scriptures. They recognized it from the beginning. What right had the reformers to reject a book that was recognized by all Christian antiquity? None whatever. But why do you say it is not inspired?

La B. Because the reformers rejected it.  
Ed. Were the reformers infallible?  
La B. No.

Ed. Then they might have rejected an inspired book?  
La B. Certainly, they may have erred.

Ed. Then their rejection of the book means nothing.  
La B. But it was not in the Jewish canon.  
Ed. Pray how could it be in the Jewish canon when it was written centuries after the Jewish canon was formed by Ezra or Ezra? But enough of this for the present; we will have much to say on the Bible when we come to that subject.

La B. But the text you have quoted says: "Submit not thyself to every man for sin."

Ed. That is one of the reasons why Catholics do not go gadding about and telling, or pretending to tell, their sins to every man. They confess their sins only to some men, that is, to the priests, who alone have received the commission to hear and remit them.

La B. Are there any other Scripture texts on this subject?

Ed. Certainly. "And many that believed came, and confessed and showed their deeds." (Acts 19-18.) "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." (I John 1-3.) "And there went out unto him all the land of Judea, and they of Jerusalem, confessing their sins." (Mark 1-5.)

La B. If confession is so clearly proved from Scripture, why is it that Catholics alone believe it, and that all Protestants reject it?

Ed. My dear sir, that is one of the questions which the philosopher Herbert Spencer would refer to the unknown, or as Lord Dunsany would say: "It is a conundrum that no fellow can find out." But it is not true that all Protestants reject confession. It is held in the Augsburg confession that "particular absolution ought to be retained in confession; that this absolution is a true sacrament; that the power of the keys remits sins in the sight of God."

In the Common Prayer Book of the Church of England it is ordained that when a minister visits a sick person, the latter should be moved to make a special confession of his sins, if he feels his conscience troubled with any weighty matter.

In the Discipline of the Methodist Church, edition of 1833, New York, we can find regulations for Band Societies. The questions that must be put at every meeting are these: "1st. What sins have you committed since our last meeting?" 4th. What have you thought, said, or done, of which you doubt

whether it be a sin or not?

It would be useless to quote the early Fathers of the Church to you, as they are of no weight in your mind. But we will conclude by quoting the words of one whom you respect. You say "Martin Luther was God's chosen instrument to separate darkness from light." If this be your opinion, the words of Luther should convince you of the truth of what he says. "Hear, then, his words."